

*The OXFORD Alderman's Speech to the  
D. of M. when his Grace made his En-  
trance into that City, about Sept. 1680.*

**S**TOUT HANIBAL before He came to Age;  
Perpetual Wars with Rome was sworn to wage!  
You lead Us to such Wars; O Happy We!  
Great Prince! You are a Soldier good as He;  
Tho some will say (to give the Devil his due,)  
He was as good a Protestant as You.  
You to that whore of whores, the whore of Rome,  
Devoted from your own fair Mothers womb,  
Tho in the Schools of Jesuits true bred,  
You scorn'd to learn of them to Write or Read:  
A PROTESTANT the more to be admir'd,  
That never were instructed, but inspir'd.  
So unconcern'd from Popery You pals,  
No use of Understanding in the Case.  
True Interest, that all other things or'epowers,  
And Gen'rous Indignation made You Ours:  
Even so in Spain to Mals come trading Jews,  
Cast Drabs turn Quakers but to spite the Jews. *Sf*  
But Fears and Jealousies of You we scorn,  
That were so true a Son of Honour born;  
And since have made both Gog and Magog bleed,  
Act but the Demagogue, you'll do the Deed:  
You'll Dam and Ram proud Antichrist to Hell;  
But force him first to work one Miracle.  
He that with four hard words, and one grave Nod,  
Turns an insipid Wafer into God;  
Were You a Dough-bak'd DUKE, with less ado,  
To Prince of Wales may Transubstantiate You.  
Do You but say't, we'll swear that You are so,  
And rather kiss your Hand than kiss his Toe:  
*Resolv'd, resolv'd it must not be gain'd;*  
Faith we'll believe your Mother was a Maid.  
Why should you think Ambition any Crime?  
We'll make you Duke of Venice in good time:  
Or, if You scruple to Usurp the Crown,  
Having once rais'd Us, You may then sit down:  
You or your Friends shall have the foremost place;  
Perhaps we'll joyn Sir Amstrong with your Grace:  
Whether You Reign or He, 'tis much at one,  
Great Alexander's dear Hephestion.

But when you come to reap these goodly Fruits,  
weet Sir, Remember these our humble suits.

First, Let these Lordly Bishops go to pot;  
'Tis plain their Lordships all are in the PLOT;  
They hold none Lawful Heirs, but Lawfully begot.

Our Commonwealth's a Castle in the Air,  
If we still Pray for KING in Common-Prayer.

These Paltry Schollars, blast them with one Breath,  
Or they'll Rhime Your Grace and Us to Death.

O Brave We! then Hei for our good Town!  
up go We when Wit and Sense go down.

F I N I S.

10. Feb. 1681

*A Canto on the new Miracle wrought by the  
D. of M. curing a young Wench of the Kings  
Evil, as it is related at large by B. Harris  
in his Prot. Intelligence, publish'd Friday  
Jan. 7th. 1681. to prevent false Reports.*

**A**S Popish Farties use to employ  
In their own Trade the good St. Loy;  
The Saint to whom they have recourse,  
As to Heav'n's Master of the Horse;  
To Him they lowly cry for Mercy  
On ragged Colts that have the Farcy:  
For Hackneys gall'd to Him they pray,  
And drink dead drunk upon his Day:  
So to His Grace of M—— trots  
A Filly-colt that had the Botts;  
For still the knew, and 'twas no News,  
He keeps the Mares, tho not the Mews.  
But had you seen the skittish Jade,  
You would have thought her Drunk or Mad;  
For at first dash his Hand he seiz'd,  
Much was th'ambitious Heroe pleas'd.  
So sweetly did Don Quixot grin,  
When the Maid Martin of the Inne,  
He thought was some Enchanted Queen.  
Ask'd his dead-doing Hand to kiss;  
But what White Devil danc'd in this?  
Some Fly, some Rat, or great old Puss,  
Or Spirit Apeophsophus;  
Or Pug, that Paracelsus wore  
In th' Pommel of his Sword before;  
Or Healing Virtue that as rare is,  
Is sent His Grace by's Aunt of Fayries,  
Who aids him thus in hugger mugger;  
So did Doll Common Abel Druggier.  
Some swearsy Devil in his Palm,  
Transfuses Brine instead of Balm;  
And Brine you know is good for th' Itch,  
In any Mangy Dog or Bitch:  
Long in his Fist the Leprous Drab,  
Paddles and pores familiar Scab!  
The Witch her Dam had set her Farcy  
Agog upon this Chyrmancy;  
To view each Line the Hag importunes,  
And thus young Gypsie reads his Fortunes.

*The Men of Westminster shall pass  
High Votes in Honour of your Grace;  
No Prayers for fear of the Black Rod,  
They'll Vote (I fear) no King, no God.  
Great sticking there shall be for Two,  
Pillory'd Benjamin, and You.  
What will You give Me this next Spring,  
If then You are not Crown'd a King?  
By Oats before we reap next Crop,  
Oats in a Tub shall Preach You up.  
So Sybil ended her vile guessing,  
And each to other gave their Blessing.  
But O the Green-sick Girls may boast,  
This Duke hath cur'd Them to His Cost;  
Tho now he cuts his Capers high,  
He may with Falstaff one day cry:  
When Age hath set him in the Stocks,  
A Fox of my Gout, a Gout on my Fox.*

The Lyon Rampant is too wise,  
To touch a Prince though in disguise;  
Much less a Prince so Kind and Civil,  
To touch a Kingdom for Kings-Evil.  
He means to make it for its Health,  
A Common-Whore, a Common-wealth.

The Stroaker Grairix was a Sot,  
And all his Feat-tricks are forgot;  
But Duke Trincule, and Tom Dory,  
Will be a Famous Quack in Story.  
Let every scabby City-Cuckow,  
Fly into your Hedge-lane to look you.  
If seventh Sons do things so rare,  
In You seven Fathers have a share;  
Shew us some more of these fine mocks,  
Shew your Black Art, shew your Black Box;  
'Tis thought you've there some pure Receipt,  
Great Mounibank of our sick State.

Your Zany, who this Cure reveals,  
Tells us in March your Highness's heels.

*Reflections on  
this House of  
Commons.*

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